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MONUMENTAL NAMES.



SOME names are decidedly expressive of character. They are phonetically noble or mean, gentle or stern, prepossessing or repulsive. The highest style of British statesmanship could scarcely dignify into respectability the name of *Tilmouse*, and it would be hard to persuade an American at least that there is nothing intrinsically grand in the name of *WASHINGTON*.

But, whence is it that names in themselves inexpressive, have still come to be so wonderfully significant? Or that, of two appellatives equally devoid of phonetic or derivative peculiarities, one should be pronounced with entire indifference, while the other should startle or charm with talismanic power?

The reason is found in the influence of *association*. It is because through this faculty words become the signs of ideas; and because, then, some men beg their sayings, their writings or their deeds, furnish the ideas, lofty or despicable, pure or corrupt, ennobling or degrading, with which their names are thus hallowed or debased. Had *Cassius* been more of a metaphysician, he would not have been so indignantly puzzled to know why *BRUTUS* was not every way as good a name as *CÆSAR*; nor would he have charged the world with stupidity for reverencing the latter more than the former. He would not have exposed, as he did, his own shallowness and superstition by suggesting hypothetical solutions of the problem on principles of mere etymology or elocution, of orthographical measurement or of verbal magic. He would have understood the moral dentistry with which the great usurper had so shaped his name in the forge of association, that it might better "become the mouth" of him who delighted to speak of heroic daring, consummate wisdom and invisible determination; how he had made it "heavier" with the invisible weight of valorous achievement; and how he had thus endowed it with that mysterious charm of conjuration which could so "start the spirit" and fire the eye and nerve the arm of the Roman soldier.

It is thus that the name of the truly

great man becomes his best, most enduring memorial. Should we stand in the Church of Santa Croce and gaze on those statues of painting, sculpture and architecture which guard lovingly the tomb and memory of the matchless artists, should we feel any more deeply the surpassing greatness of the man they honor, than when our eye falls upon, or than when we hear uttered the simple name of *MICHAEL ANGELO*?

To most passers-by, that block of marble just thrown down among the rubbish of the quarry is but a shapeless mass of white stone? but to a *Powers* or a *Hosmer*, there is sepulchred within it a beautiful child of art, waiting only the touch of the sculptor's chisel to open its tomb and present it to the gaze of an admiring world. And so, out of a name, the least harmonious and attractive, may genius or goodness, with the magic chisel of association, carve out for herself a glorious and imperishable monument. A. B.

A HOMELY TALE.

Writes a correspondent: "I have been sitting by the window, gazing out into the wintry twilight. The pale splendor of landscape, gleaming with snow and lit by sparkling stars, has a weird charm: protected from its chillness by the crystal pane and the genial warmth of the in-door atmosphere, I can afford to love its cold beauty. But looking off upon 'the lights of the village,' which shine out goldenly at the foot of the hill, I have been led to think of the homes which are illuminated by those lamps, to muse upon fireside circles, and (is it not unaccountable?) to dream of love, in its infinite variations and its infinite manifestations. Up and down the vista of years went my wandering thoughts, looking 'upon the beautiful pictures which hang on Memory's wall.' The loves of poets, from *DANTE* and his *BEATRICE* down to one touching story of our present day—the loves of sailors wrecked upon desert strands—the devotion of wives and mothers—many a tearful and smiling scene framed in the gold of song, came up before me. Suddenly I paused before a very homely picture—a picture of real life, unpainted by romance, unfinished by song, and with the lowest grade of God's human creatures for its subjects. Dare I sketch it for you? dare I tell you, in the face of the ethics

which we love, that to *me* it was beautiful? Here it is then:

"Last summer the wife of a negro wood-sawyer in our village died of consumption, leaving to his care a little girl about one year old. There was no one but the father to care for the black orphan, and he must be away all day at his work, or what would they have to live upon? While the weather was warm it was not so hard; but it is winter now, and his motherless girl must not suffer any more than it is out of his power to help. Any morning the good people of our village may see him on his way to his daily toil, with a bundle on his arms, from which peer out the great eyes of the tiny daughter. When he arrives at his place of work, he selects a high and dry stick of wood, places her on it, and sets her near a little stove, with one length of pipe to carry away the smoke, in which he has kindled a fire. All day, while he labors away at the pile of wood, she sits patiently upon her block by the furnace; and at night she is lifted in his brawny arms, carried home, fed by the same gentle hand, and put into her humble bed. I met them the other morning as I walked out, and to me their ebony faces were more beautiful than some lily countenances I have seen. So I drew this rude sketch for you, not knowing but that some delicate mother, whose love for her child is lulled into repose by luxury, would feel her heart warm while regarding it; or some father pause for a moment to thank God that *his* child was not motherless, nor his love and patience put to so severe a test."

Do not smile at my homely picture; but ask yourself how many white fathers, proud of their rosy-cheeked infants, would yet be found so devoted, so unselfish, so unwearyed.

GROWTH.

"Deeds are fruits—words are but leaves."

SEE first the tender bud; ay, ere the bud,
The sheltered germ in perfectness lies sleeping.
Till the mild breeze, the soft dews' tender weeping,
Touching its lids, it casteth its dark wood,
And leaves unfold: thus all the sombre wood,
Even from this long and love-protected steeping,
Bursts into prime; each ever its law keeping,
In close obedience to the wise All Good.
And such the artist's growth: from germ so fine.
No common seed laid in a root-fed soil
Gives the rich product; but love, labor, toil,
Kind words, like to protecting leaves, combine,
To raise the precious fruit, whose wine and oil
Draws thinking millions to a common shrine.

P. A. C